

E L E G Y

On the Death of that Learned, Pious, and Famous *DIVINE*,

Doctor J O H N O W E N,

Who Dyed the 24th. of *August*, 1683.

How came't to pass that none did Silence
(break,
In all this time, when they'd such cause to
(speak?

Sad *Hearts* and *Eyes* cou'd only yet Lament
A *Loss* so great; Grief wou'd give *Words* no Vent.
Blame not *Unusual Sorrow* when there fell
This *Rev'rend Father* in our *Israel*;
Tho' *Verses* was silent, there's no doubt but those
Who knew him well, made *Elegies* in *Prose*:
And wrote 'em on their *Hearts*; and we may think,
If writ elsewhere, they us'd their *Tears* for *Ink*.

When such a *Pillar* of the *Church* is taken
Away, we 've cause to fear the *Fabrick*'s shaken;
And to deplore th' *Eclipse* of such a *Light*,
Whose *Rays* *Enliven'd*, *Warm'd*, and *Shin'd* so *Bright*;
And well may apprehend some *Ill* to come,
When an *Ambassador*'s *Commanded Home*.

Not that this *Venerable Person*'s *Herse*,
Needed (at all) the *Ornament* of *Verses*;
But this *Resentment*'s paid, as *due* by th' *Laws*
Of *Gratitude*; his *Name*'s above *Applause*.

H' has rais'd himself a *Monument* of his *Own*,
Which will out-last those of the hardest *Stone*.
His *Fame* will *Live* to lat'st *Posterity*,
In 's *Theo—Christo—Pneumatology*:

And various *Volumes* more; where we may find
How in's *Great Soul*, *Rich Gifts* and *Grace* were joyn'd.

His *Learned Tongue* (which (living) did impart,
Its *Message* from his *Own*, to th' *Hearers Heart*;
And taught those *Truths* whose *Worth* & *Excellence*,
Were *Felt* before, by's own *Experience*)

Alas, is *Silenc'd* now! But 's *Pious Pen*,
Do's and will *Preach* to *Multitudes* of *Men*;
Such *Sound* and *Weighty Doctrines* do's unfold,
As are by th' *Scripture—Touchstone* prov'd true *Gold*.
Which like strong *Rocks*, *Shipwrack* the false *Opinions*
Of *Atheists*, *Papists*, *Libertines*, *Socinians*.

This *Skilful Architect* built sure upon
That *Chief* and *Fundamental Corner—Stone*;

And took great *Care* the *Difference* to *Descry*,
Between true *Grace*, and meer *Morality*:
Was none of those that only th' *Outside Scour*,
But to the *Form* of *Piety* joyn'd the *Pow'r*:
Not only *Taught*, but *Trod* the *Gospel—Path*,
And both *Defended* and *Adorn'd* the *Faith*.

His *Zealous Love* to *God*, his *Son*, and *Spirit*,
From all true *Christian Hearts*, *Esteem* did merit:
For those who joyn in *That*, may well *Dispense*,
In smaller matters with some *Difference*.

Who can please *All*? Sure too too few can tell
Where we may find (on *Earth*) his *Parallel*:
Who *Spoke* and *Wrote*, and *Liv'd* and *Dy'd* so well.

Many a *Spiritual Orphan* here *Remains*,
That owe their *Birth* to his *Religious Pains*;
And many more that have by him been *Fed*,
Instructed, *Helpt*, *Rais'd*, *Cur'd* and *Comforted*.
Who'd cause to make his *Herse* with *Tears* to swim,
Had not their *Loss* prov'd so great *Gain* to *Him*;
That long had *Travel'd* in the *Narrow Way*,
And born the *Heat* and *Burthen* of the day.

We ought (though to our *Loss*;) to yield that
(such

Shou'd go to *Rest*, who've *Born* and *Done* so much:
And may we *Learn* of *Him* to *Conquer Death*,
Who when his *Work* was finish'd here beneath,
Lay down in *Peace*: and as the *Sun* (they say)
When't sets *serene*, foretels 'twill shine next day:
So this *Great Luminary's Lightsome Even*,
Show'd with what *Splendor* he now *Shines* in *Heaven*.

HIS EPITAPH.

I | N this Place Sleeps an Eminent *DIVINE*:
O | NE who Religion made his Chief Design.